

ANDROID™
NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME
SOVEREIGN SIGHT

Atop the rippling crystal of Lake Victoria sits the skeleton of a second beanstalk. Trade and tourism thrive within the fertile crescent as the Sub-Saharan League, a unity of nations in the midst of an economic and cultural renaissance, works tirelessly to construct the new link between the world of dirt and the limitless expanse. Though determination and focus breed peace within the region, those on the edge wish to disrupt the architecture for personal profit and political vendetta.

SARKIN KUDI

Lewi was new in town, but you wouldn't think it.

He lounged at an outside table of the Nalubaale District Bean Store, mirrorshades drinking in the view on the square. Despite the late afternoon heat and his stiff blue smart-thread suit, not a drop of sweat marred his face. He coolly sipped a vanilla chai and adjusted the zoom on his lenses. ZeeBand—only the best for Lewi. A king's ransom, if there had been any kings left.

The steamy clouds overhead threatened to drop their daily rainy-season dose, but the man had people nearby willing to offer him cover with an umbrella—or a machine gun.

The square bustled with commuters and traders, hustlers and gamers, all en route to home or town central, depending on their business. The brown brick building across the way was small and unassuming, yet a barely visible yellow electric shield buzzed across the door. An admin office for publicly available patents, ostensibly.

So, the million-credit question: why the disguised, heavy security? Was SSO Industries posing as the local council? And if so, what was it hiding in plain sight?

If rumors on the Shadow Net were true, it could have been data secured in datafortresses by its parent company, Weyland—data on buckyweave, the very stuff used to support the space elevator in New Angeles but as yet unavailable here, because SSO had failed to get *this* space elevator contract.

Now *that* information would be priceless in a city looking to launch the second elevator into the heavens over Lake Victoria.

Lewi was Senegalese and had learned to sharpen his unorthodox business sensibilities to complement his natural talent for both making and smelling money. Kampala had called to him with its growing stink.

Lewi's PAD earwigged him. Seventeen hundred hours. He took a last sip of chai. Time for things to kick off...

Kintu, his employee, approached the door to the brown brick building dressed as a maize seller, balancing cobs in a basket on her head.

"Plug in, Kintu!" Lewi muttered, closing his left eye.



The right lens faded, turning opaque grey momentarily. The Net link in his right ear kicked into action. His gaze and hearing became hers.

"Let me in!" Kintu's voice was urgent and insistent, and as Lewi's lenses picked up her vision from her cybereyes, it was as though a big burly man were wrestling with *him*.

Lewi retracted his involuntary strike at the man, which had propelled his tea off the table and into a distracting crash on the floor.

"This is a council office, you clot!" The man stepped back, grimacing in pain. Lewi wasn't sure where Kintu had hit him. "No one inside wants your pestilent maize!" the man barked, bristling in his all-too-casual clothes.

Kintu looked down, her right arm briefly obscuring Lewi's view as she secured the basket balanced on her head to prevent any more cobs from falling. About six or seven cobs lay on the red-tiled veranda floor.

"I'll have you for assault," she said. "Now, pick up the goods you've made me spill."

"No," said the man, with a brief and surreptitious rub of his privates—Kintu had always had good aim. "You're not wanted. Leave."

Kintu stared up at the man. "I can go where I want. Move out of my way."

The man glared down at her. "No more bullshit! Get on your way, before..."

The man fingered the palm of his right hand. An alarm—reinforcements being summoned from inside?

"What's going on here?" The harsh, abrupt voice came from behind.

Kintu spun around and Lewi caught a glimpse of another maize cob spiraling off her head.

Two bioroids stood behind each shoulder of a police officer, who was tapping her PAD threateningly.

"Officer," insisted Kintu, "I demand to exercise my rights!"

The officer in her stiff blue uniform was not looking at Kintu, but at the man standing behind her. "Is she a problem, sir?"

"Yes, officer. Please charge her with assault and remove her, immediately!"

So he had a line straight to the police? Surprise, surprise...

"That's a lie!" Kintu raised her voice, her anger cutting into his ear. "This man assaulted me first, when I was only trying to—"

Kintu swiveled her gaze as the officer stepped aside with a bored expression to tap on her PAD. She was not listening to Kintu. What *was* she doing?

One of the ASA bioroids stepped forward, handcuffs raised. "Citizen, we are arresting you for causing a public disturbance. You have the right—"

But Lewi did not catch the words that came next. Despite himself, he swore and stood up abruptly. "Cut Kintu link!"

His right eye lurched from a glimpse of falling maize cobs and basket to a view of a seller woman in bright-orange cloth being handcuffed by a bioroid. The bouncer lurked in the background, arms crossed in satisfaction.

"Replay scene, left lens," Lewi muttered. On his lens, he could trace the unmistakable flash of digital transmission between the policewoman and the arresting bioroid. Kintu would demand a shedload of extra, once they bailed her.

Lewi whistled. Seriously expensive shit, that: droning harked back to the Colony Wars on Mars.

Lewi's five bodyguards hovered behind him. He waved them still and swore again.

Surprise, followed by shock—no more tea left to drink, either.

The heavens opened with hot rain, and his leading bodyguard whipped out an umbrella with an LG motif.

Lewi Guilhermi was indeed in town, and he'd wipe the smug grin off that bouncer just for starters.

After that, Kampala itself!

CREDITS

Fantasy Flight Games

Expansion Design and Development: Michael Boggs and Damon Stone with Matt Newman and Jeremy Zwirn

Producer: Erik Dahlman

Editing and Proofreading: Jacob Morris

LCG Manager: Mercedes Opheim

Android Story Review: Daniel Lovat Clark, Lukas Litzsinger, and Katrina Ostrander

Expansion Graphic Design: Joseph D. Olson

Graphic Design Manager: Brian Schomburg

Cover Art: Galen Dara

Art Direction: Andy Christensen

Managing Art Director: Melissa Shetler

Fiction: Nick Wood

Fiction Editor: Katrina Ostrander

Quality Assurance Coordinator: Zach Tewalthomas

Senior Project Manager: John Franz-Wichlacz

Senior Manager of Product Development: Chris Gerber

Executive Game Designer: Corey Konieczka

Creative Director: Andrew Navaro

Playtesters: David Withington, Michael Walsh, Luke Myall, Ben Wilson, Donald Bubbins, Jamie Perconti, Benjamin Torell, Alec Nelson, David Weeks, Jeff Lindsay, Michael Norman, Sean Pacer Stringfellow, Travis Yeo, Bob Juranek, John Juranek, Brett Wright, Devin Hutcheson, Greg Agee, Scott Degenkolb, Justin Bos, Halen Bak, Abram Jopp, Chris Mayfield, Jeff Schoenberg, Anthony Nierowicz, Chris MacLeod, Michel Roy, Asher Stuhlman, Alex Simon, Trevor Stack, Alexis Spicer, Kevin Sylves, Luke Dennis, Elliott Hedman, Jordan Peters, Alec Anderson, Ryan Shaffer, Weston Odom, Eric Phetteplace, John Treviranus, Adam Cabrera, Brian Cronin, Matt Dickoff, Noah Mckee, Andrew Cortez, Ben Dwyer, Eric Zeitler, Matt Eriquez, Paul Freitas, and Derek Dugan

Asmodee North America

Licensing Coordinator: Sherry Anisi

Licensing Manager: Simone Elliott

Production Management: Jason Beaudoin and Megan Duehn

Publisher: Christian T. Petersen

